

A LUCKY ACCIDENT

By Elizabeth Schoen Cobb.

"Miss Perry, I fear we have lost our reckoning."

Very pleasantly, most confidently Helen Perry looked up into the face of Roy Lawrence.

"In fact I have no idea of the whereabouts of the yacht," went on the young man.

Again that placid almost comforting look, as though nothing mattered



"Then We Cannot Go Much Further."

save the soft summer sea, the siren singing breezes, the bright opaline waters.

"I declare you must think me stupid. I deserve a good wholesome rating!" Roy scolded himself. "I should not have brought this alarm to you—"

"I am not alarmed one bit, Mr. Lawrence," said Helen assuringly.

"And I don't see how I am going to locate the Neptune."

"I trusted myself to you," said

Helen evenly, the radiant contentment of her lovely face not abating one whit. "You will do the best you can. Why bother?"

Roy Lawrence gave a secret gasp—surprise, satisfaction, delight. He had been glum all that day. He had brightened up at noontide when Miss Perry, a twinkle of rash mischief in her eyes, had suggested that they steal away from the big yacht in the little motor boat. Then had come the delirious joy of being alone in the company of the one being he fervently loved and now—every token of voice and smile told that she was contented to ignore friends, storm and night, to thus sweep on as if they were the only two in the world.

"I don't understand it," murmured Roy to himself. "She does not wear the rosette. She has not alluded to the letter. She was jolly with the Girtons all the morning."

They were two of a party who had come down from 'Frisco for a vacation cruise. Aboard the steam yacht Neptune there had been Harold Girton, his sister Netta, Mrs. Bryce, his aunt and the chaperon of the party, Helen, the crew and himself.

Both he and Girton were in love with the beautiful Helen, who was a close college friend of Netta. Girton was the host, owned the yacht and Roy had felt at a disadvantage all along. Still, Helen had been equally gracious to both of them. She had shared the moonlight drifting fairly. The day before Roy had come to a desperate decision. He had seen Girton very close to Helen in a deck promenade. He wrote Helen a note. In it he avowed his love in an impetuous, but manly, fashion. The next day was a national holiday. They were to have quite a patriotic fete, there along the lonely South American coast. He enclosed a pretty rosette. If she could find it in her heart to smile on his suit, would she wear it next morning?

He had slipped the envelope under